



A NEW SONG ON THE
RACES OF
ROSCOMMON

You gallant sons of Erius! pay attention to my song,
And I'll sing for you a verse or two I'll not detain you long
Concerning the races the stakes & heavy prize,
Where multitudes assemble of sporting gals & boys,

CHORUS—

To Lenabawn we'll go & races we'll resort
And we'll drink to every sportsman & the friends of Erius shore

Roscommon is a sporting place adapted for the game,
We'll improv'd for recreation with a smooth & level plain
To see each steed with gallant speed & prancing for the start,
Well inclin'd to take the winning post & no one there is slack

The tents are in rotation in the middle of the course
With the best accommodation that the world can produce,
The Landlady inside with her bottle & her glass,
And she mul'lypping the whiskey lest the toppers would run short

It's there you'd see confectioners with sugarsticks & cakes
To accommodate the ladies & to mollify their tastes,
The gingerbread & buns & spicers of all sorts
And a pig's crubeen for three pence to be picking til their home

It's there you'd see the pipers & fiddlers in full tune
And the dancers without fault to crack & tip the floor,
They'll call for liquor merrily & pay before they go
And they'll treat & kiss the girls & their mothers will not know

It's there you'd see the Jockeys dress'd up in red & green,
And they mounted on their horses most commodious to be seen
When the bugle sounds for starting the people shouts for joy
And they are betting ten to one on the horse that takes the prize

So now my pen is weary I mean to end my song
Success attend the gentlemen the races first began
Success attend each gallant that noble cross'd the plain
And may we live to see the race in Lenabawn again